"The Truth shall make you FREE."—Christ.

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## LAST HOURS OF DR. LARDNER.

"Religion is the concern of all men; it ought therefore to be clear and plain. An obscure religion is of little or no value; indeed it seems to me one of the greatest absurdities that can be conceived. If God make a revelation, intended for the general benefit of mankind, one would expect it should be clear. I have a strong persuasion the gospel was plain at first. If Christianity is not plain now, I apprehend it must be our own fault. A doctrine that contains plain directions of duty, and plain promises of reward, sufficient to encourage to duty in all circumstances, to strengthen against temptations, to give comfort under affliction, to calm the affections,—this is true religion. This is a pearl of great price, a treasure indeed, for which a man may reasonably part with all that he has to buy it."—The above is the matured conviction of Dr. Nath. Lardner, the celebrated author of "The Credibility of the Gospels," now a text-book and work unsurpassed for research and learning, which occupied the author thirty-three years of his life. When the scepticism of the last century was threatened with prosecution, he implored the government to allow the Christian religion to defend itself with its own weapons of truth and history. No divine of the 18th century did better service for Christianity than he, as his invaluable volumes shew. It is an interesting fact to Unitarians that the two ablest defenders of the four Gospels in the past and present century, Lardner of England and Norton of America, are both of our household of faith. Lardner says, he was indebted to no other source than the Scriptures and his thorough knowledge of the Christian writers in the first centuries for his Unitarian faith. Soon as it was known that this learned man had avowed Unitarian sentiments, he was treated a little coolly for a time. But the immense and necessary service he had rendered the Christian church caused as little as possible to be said about his opinions and against him. His own mild, pure and benevolent temper still won for him the secret friendship and the open goodwill of many who were shocked to hear that he had adopted Unitarian views. He kept on his course, in the even tenor of his way, gentle, polite and obliging to all his friends or his enemies. He was always receiving much attention and no small honour from distinguished and learned bodies, so that he expressed his great fear that so much attention was calculated to make him proud and vain, and prayed God that he might be able to go on to the last with humility, diligence and integrity. And these virtues never failed him to the end of his journey. Modest and humble and afraid of eulogy, he requested his friends to promise, when he felt his life was nearly over, that no funeral sermon should be preached for him. A short time before he died he received the following note from the Archbishop of Canterbury, who was then also near the close of his earthly career: "Good Dr. Lardner,—It hath pleased God to afflict me for many months past with so constant and so severe a pain, that I am almost incapable of any attention to anything else. Become quite useless and nearly worn out, I beg you will pray God to give me patience and such degree of ease as He shall think fit: and can only add, that as I hope my spirit is truly Christian towards all who love the Lord Jesus in sincerity, so I am, with particular esteem and thankfulness to you for the whole of your obliging behaviour to me through life." This was no small testimony to a Dissenting minister and Unitarian at the close of a long life to receive such words from the Primate of England. At the age of 84, in the fulness of years and of useful labour, after a short illness, of a few weeks, Dr. Lardner passed quietly away.

## MRS. CATHARINE CAPPE.

About one hundred years ago you might have seen the lady whose name is at the head of this chapter in the little town of Bedale, Yorkshire, in the midst of her Sunday-school, before the name of Robert Raikes was known. Her father, the Rev. J. Harrison, of Catterick, was dead, and had been succeeded by the Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, with whom she had been staying; and seeing Mr. Lindsey every Sunday engaged with a large class of boys, instructing them in the reading of the Bible, Mrs. C. says, "I endeavoured to imitate at Bedale, in a manner however imperfect, the edifying example which I so much admired at Catterick. I established a sort of Sunday-school there; collecting together a number of poor children, whom I assisted in learning to read, giving them books, &c., teaching them Dr. Watts's shorter Catechism, together with his Devotional Hymns, and endeavouring to give them some such general instruction as might enable them to read their Bible with more intelligence. I had no place in which to receive them but the back-kitchen, which being small, we were exceedingly crowded; but they grew attached to me and liked to attend; and in order to prevent confusion, I divided them into classes, which succeeded each other; so that on the Sunday I was occupied by a succession of children nearly the whole day, except the time which was spent at church. A great desire to do them good supplied in some measure the want of knowledge; I was respected by the parents, whom I often visited; and gained by degrees such a portion of influence among the poor, that if I could have afforded to relieve their several necessities somewhat more liberally, I certainly could have accomplished, with but few exceptions, whatever I had desired among them. I must here mention I could not prevail upon any of the young people of the town, the daughters of the tradesmen and others, to contribute in any manner towards my Sunday-school. The experiment was quite new and far from being popular, as these institutions have since happily become,—first by the benevolent exertions of Mr. Raikes, and afterwards by the countenance and support of others. I was regarded as a well-meaning young woman, but odd and singular; a fair mark for the shafts of ridicule, and one whose society was rather to be avoided than sought after and desired." Her father died when she was young, but not until he had left impressions on her mind which finally blossomed into a liberal and faithful life.

"When my brother was eight years old, he was sent to a public school at Scorton. There were many children there, whose parents were members of the Kirk of Scotland, one of whom, who came from Dumfries, happened to be my brother's bedfellow. 'I charge you,' said my father to him, 'if you ever hear any of your companions laugh at little Wilson for not saying the same prayers or repeating the same catechism which you have been taught, that you do not join them; Presbyterians, if they are virtuous and pious, ought to be as much esteemed as if they were church people.' This circumstance, together with the following conversation which I happened to hear between my father and some other person, whom I do not recollect, when I was about eleven or twelve years of age, entirely settled my creed for many years in respect of two material articles. 'There can be no doubt,' said my father, 'that our Saviour Christ was that great personage who existed with God before all ages, by whom he made the worlds, and who repeatedly appeared to Abraham, Isaac and Jacob.' I instantly and eagerly imbibed this sentiment; this, I thought, is the very truth; I will trouble myself no more about understanding the meaning of a Trinity in Unity (about which my mind had really been perplexed), and from that moment, without knowing the meaning of the word, I became what is called an high Arian."

We may fairly say that Mrs. C. was among the first in our country who openly avowed their Unitarian belief and banded together as Unitarian worshipers. During a short stay in London in the family of Baron Winn, she relates the following anecdote of his little daughter: "The Baron had desired that during his absence I would hear her the Church Catechism; and one morning as she was repeating it, coming to the exposition

there given of what is called the Apostles' Creed, namely, 'First, I learn to belive in God the Father—secondly, in God the Son—thirdly, in God the Holy Ghost'—she paused of her own accord, and counting with her little fingers, 'one, two, three; now how is this—my Bible says there is but one God, and my Catechism says there are three.' 'My dear, wherever they contradict each other, you must depend upon your Bible.'—'Oh, very well,' she replied, and seemed perfectly satisfied: this conversation I did not fail, after his return, to repeat to her father, commenting upon it as it appeared to deserve."

There is a very touching scene in the life of Mrs. Cappe at the death-bed of this child a few years afterward. She was sent for from Yorkshire by the father to come and see his dying child. "She was in transports of joy on my arrival. She was extremely desirous of knowing all that could be known of a future state; particularly, if we should meet again and recognize each other; and was very desirous of having such parts of the New Testament read to her as might throw any light upon this subject. 'Select for me,' she would say, 'what is most suitable to my case.' The evening of her death in particular, she would not part with me for an instant. 'Ah!' she exclaimed, 'of what importance to me now is every remaining moment!' Then pausing, as if wholly absorbed in thought—'Can you tell me—shall I see the light of to-morrow's sun?'—'I cannot tell you that, my love; but do not alarm or distress yourself; the same great and good Being who first gave you life, and who has surrounded you by so many blessings, will still preserve and take care of you. We have the certainty, you know, that as our Lord Jesus Christ was raised from the tomb, so shall his faithful followers be raised also; that as in Adam all die, even so in Christ shall all be made alive.' 'Ah! but when, or how, or where? perhaps not of ages of ages! O! I should have been much happier if I had never been sent to that school; you do not know what sad things I saw there.'—'My love, you did not approve or imitate them; God will not punish you for the faults of others.'—'No, he will not; I know he is very, very good; yet I wish I had never been there. And now, what must I do? I do so love my papa; how shall I resolve to part with him?'—'God will support you, my dear, and you will meet your papa again.'—'But I had hoped to have been happy with him in this world.' As she said this, I thought I perceived a great alteration in her languid countenance, and said to her, 'Shall I call your papa, my dear (who had but just before left the room)—'would you like to see him now?'—'To be sure I should,' she eagerly replied; 'do send for him.' On his approaching the bed-side, she raised herself from the pillow with great animation, and throwing her feeble arms around him—'Do you love me, my papa?'—'Yes, my dear, I do love you beyond everything in this world.' Then disengaging herself from his embrace, she turned to me and said, her fine countenance faintly illumined by a placid smile, 'Now I feel I can resign myself;' and then laying her head again upon the pillow, she instantly expired, in the 13th year of her age."

There is a strong reflection in Miss Winn's dying words against a school she had been sent to by her father, and Mrs. Cappe, speaking of her own school-days at York, impresses us unfavourably of their character.

"On my first arrival, I was interrogated by many of the young ladies as to the station of my father, or rather respecting the figure he made in the world. 'Does your papa keep a coach?'—'No.'—'How many servants have you?'—'Four.'—'Dear, only think, miss's papa does not keep a coach, and they have only four servants!' My wardrobe was next examined, and fortunately passed muster pretty well, until it was discovered that I had not a gauze suit of linen.—'How ill-natured must be her mamma!' was the universal exclamation, 'not to buy her a gauze suit of linen!' On the subject of personal beauty nothing was directly said, and I believe that the want of this would have been atoned for, had my father lived in splendour and kept a coach; but as there was nothing magnificent to throw into the opposite scale,

even this was hinted at, and I soon found that the current set very strong against me. It was immediately discovered, however, that I had brought along with me a small stock of money, also of thread, tape, needles, &c. I was instantly beset by a crowd of little borrowers—one wanted this article, and another that, all promising to pay me again in a day or two. At first I lent them whatever they desired, but soon found that the promise of payments was a mere matter of form; that it was the constant practice to pillage in this way every new-comer; and I determined to put a stop to it before my little stores were wholly exhausted. On refusing to lend any more, the clamour was prodigious, and the exclamation general, 'How stingy must miss be!' I felt very indignant at this, for I never had been thought covetous. It was in vain, however, to remonstrate, and I determined to wait patiently for an opportunity of convincing them how much they were mistaken. Fortunately, this opportunity soon occurred. My mother sent me a present of a large plum-cake, which I unpacked in public, and after reserving for myself one small wedge, divided the rest completely among them, adding, 'You will not again call me covetous, for you see what I consider as really my own is freely at your service.' A buzz of general approbation announced my triumph, and I was treated ever afterwards with the greatest respect. It is obvious to remark how exceedingly pernicious to the future character were the ideas that prevailed in this school respecting the things that are most to be desired and coveted. Far from correcting, it is not unfrequent for the governess herself to foster these misleading prejudices."

We need not be surprised that learning among the poor was discouraged one hundred years ago, when we find incidents like the following in the life of Mrs. Cappe.

"My worthy aunts, whom I frequently visited, had a great horror of what they called learned ladies, and, alarmed by seeing me sometimes take up the Gentleman's Magazine, or the Monthly Review, were continually warning me against spending my time in reading. 'They never knew it,' they said, 'come to any good;' and they instanced one young lady in particular, with whom they had been acquainted, who taught herself philosophy and Italian, until she lost her senses, and was obliged to be confined in a mad-house. It was not my habit on these occasions to make any reply, for I knew it would not answer any other purpose than that of prolonging the well-intended, though not very convincing lecture; which, without any such provocation, was usually delivered by one, and then re-echoed by the other, for a very considerable length of time. Unfortunately, however, what I saw of their character and pursuits, far from changing my opinion respecting the desirableness of some degree of mental cultivation, served only to strengthen and confirm it."

To us at present the most interesting part of Mrs. Cappe's life is that which identifies her with the cause of Unitarianism in an age of persecution and suffering for conscience' sake, and her very intimate acquaintance with the leaders of our cause in her day. She says that her first impression of Mr. Lindsey, who afterwards became the first minister of Essex-Street chapel, London, was, "that I could hardly persuade myself he was a being of the same order with those in whose family I had lately been an inmate. Nor was this vivid impression altogether a deception. In the character of Mr. Lindsey every Christian virtue was united with the deepest piety, and a temper and disposition the most perfectly amiable. Never can I be sufficiently thankful to a merciful and kind Providence for the inestimable privilege of forming such a friendship." She was with Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey during the severe struggle of change, when Mr. L. thought it his duty to resign the vicarage of Catterick. They had had Dr. Priestley and the Rev. Mr. Turner, of Wakefield; and Mrs. Lindsey observed, "that they were not only illustrious for their various and uncommon mental endowments, but to be admired also for the innocent and playful cheerfulness of their conversation." "Ah," said Mr. L., "your observation is just; but they are at ease." "And are not you also at ease?" I silently inquired; "you who

are always doing good, and whom every one loves, reveres and esteems?" He continued in a state of painful indecision, until a severe attack of illness decided the important question, and then he left Catterick for London. Mrs. Cappe often visited them in London and joined in worship at Essex Street, where she says she found Mr. and Mrs. Lindsey surrounded by persons of the first talents and attainments in literature and philosophy,—Drs. Priestley, Franklin, Price, &c. &c.

It was not until the year 1788 the subject of our memoir became Mrs. Cappe. We have already intimated she was Miss C. Harrison for upwards of forty years. She had seen not a few reverses and changes in social position from the time of her father's death. Her widowed mother and invalid brother, with herself, had shared a small property which became less and less. The brother had been very unfortunate, and died. The mother and daughter, in 1782, removed to York, and after a few years she was married to the minister of St. Saviourgate chapel, Mr. Cappe. Her married life launched her into a sea of new troubles and sorrows. Mr. Cappe had a family by a previous wife, and some of them sickened and died. Her husband was struck down by paralysis three years after their marriage. Her aged mother, as well as herself, had attacks of illness. She had seen in earlier life trouble, sickness, disappointments and sorrow, and now her cup at times became almost full to the brim. "Often did the clouds set in so thick on every side," says Mrs. C., "unattenuated by a single ray of light, that I could not perceive how it was possible for us to proceed. Such a variety of embarrassments to encounter, of engagements to fulfil, of interests to reconcile, and of discordant inclinations to satisfy." In the midst of all her trouble, she never regretted her marriage, but was thankful she was by the side of Mr. Cappe to lessen his pain and care. The Rev. C. Wellbeloved was engaged as assistant to Mr. Cappe, and this proved to all of them a great comfort and blessing. Mr. C. lingered on for years, having more attacks and suffering much, till death relieved him towards the close of the year 1799. He was buried on the last day of the last century. Mrs. Cappe says of her trial then: "Here for a moment I pause. How merciful is that arrangement of a gracious Providence which increases our tenderness in proportion to the feebleness of its object! I loved and venerated my husband before he was paralytic; he was my guide, my counsellor and friend; but after the second dreadful stroke, when he could no longer, or but very imperfectly and at distant intervals, sustain these honoured characters; when only the venerable ruin of his fine talents, great learning and extensive knowledge remained, no language can adequately express how dear he was to my heart. How invaluable is the gospel of Christ; how unspeakable are our obligations to it, for its consolations, its assurances and its hopes!—for its accuracy in discriminating, and its kindness and fidelity in plainly delineating, the straight, right-onward line of human duty.

"How heavily did the first months of the new century pass away! What a dark cloud appeared to hang over them! Did the primrose and violet once more announce the return of spring, and again delight by their freshness and beauty, what was it now to me? The beloved object was gone, for whose gratification, as he took his daily rides in the garden, it had heretofore been my happiness to gather them! So associated indeed was his beloved image, enfeebled as it was by long disease and threatening dissolution, with every idea of future enjoyment;—so subservient for the last nine years had been my every pursuit to the desire of alleviating the distressing languor of sickness, and of giving him pleasure, that even those occupations in which I had hitherto been the most interested, appeared to me now quite dull and spiritless—their very nature seemed altered. How often did my saddened heart repeat the sorrowful inquiry of the shepherd king, 'Why art thou cast down, O my soul, and why art thou disquieted within me?' and how often did it receive consolation from the pious advice, administered instead of a reply—'Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance, and my God.'"

This excellent woman remained a widow twenty-one years, and died at York, in her 78th year. Her life was constant goodness and usefulness from beginning to end. No part of her character, indeed, was more striking than her unwearied activity. She knew not what it was to be listless and indolent. From the hour of her rising, which was always early, to that of her retiring to rest, she was unceasingly employed either in devising or executing some scheme of private or general benevolence. She was one of the first, through the example of Mr. Lindsey, to set about Sunday-school duty. In company with another lady, she organized in some districts Female Benefit Clubs. The oppressed and the wronged, the poor, ignorant and friendless, found in her a friend. She was among the first patrons and founders of the Bible Society, and was always deeply interested in the welfare of all public hospitals and institutions. She was invited to London by a Ladies' Society to offer counsel in reference to works of usefulness. She was the writer of several valuable articles in the periodicals of her day, and the editor of her husband's works after his decease. She kept up a correspondence with some of the most distinguished men of her times. Her last letter was to Dr. Channing, and the concluding words were: "My pen is now quite tired, and I can only * * *"

The "tired pen" was resumed no more. Soon after it was laid down, the venerable writer joined her daughters at tea, when she was cheerful even to playfulness. After tea, she read aloud to them as long as daylight lasted. She then took her usual slight supper, and about ten o'clock, having herself conducted the family devotions, retired to that bed, from which she was never more to rise. She slept composedly till a little after twelve, when she awoke, and said to her maid who always slept in the room with her—"I am very ill—call my daughters." They went to her instantly; medical assistance was immediately procured, but to no purpose; she never spoke again, and in about a quarter of an hour expired as tranquilly as if she had again fallen asleep.

## THE CHARITIES OF LONDON.

SOCIAL STATISTICS AND MORAL FACTS.

One of the brightest gems in the crown of Christendom is the magnificent institutions which dispense the liberal gifts poured into the exchequer of Charity during the present age. It is one of the peculiarities of the Christian religion that it has established, wherever it has gone, Asylums, Hospitals and Schools, for the fugitive, friendless, sick and needy, and now its manifold spirit of sympathy is beginning to erect better Homes for the people, and one Christian gentleman, Mr. Peabody, has set a generous example in a gift of £250,000 for that purpose.

Let us direct attention for a minute or two to the charities of one city, or rather to only a part of the public charities in London; and while we contemplate the relief afforded and the good work done under the few figures we produce, let us not forget that there are millions of untold offices of love and generosity which come not under the notice of the public in these figures. There are in London 14 general medical Hospitals, with an annual income of about £180,000, and to these we may add 105 Infirmaries and Dispensaries, with an aggregate income of another £180,000, making upwards of a quarter of a million of money dispensed to heal the sick and the wounded among us. The fourteen Hospitals alone make up 3500 beds for in-patients, and receive in the course of each year upwards of 30,000 persons, who are carefully watched and waited on by excellent nurses. And to this add 400,000 persons treated in the course of the year as out-door patients, and we have a faint view of the work of charity going on under the care of a few of the medical institutions. The other 105 Infirmaries and Dispensaries which are found in every part of London carry on a still more wide-spread work of usefulness.—There are 12 Institutions for the preservation of Life, Health and Public Morals, with an income of £36,000; to which may be added the Churches and Temperance Societies, with an immense unascertained revenue. In truth, we do not think it at all improbable but that the income of the various Churches of London, and Societies without number,

for the religious and moral welfare of the people of London may equal all the other charities put together.—There are 38 Penitentiaries and Reformatories, with an income of £94,000; and we may say that one of the most pleasing facts connected with this part of our charities is, that the major part of the Institutions for the protection and reformation of our criminal population have come into existence during the last ten years, and that 34 of the 38 have been founded during the present century.—There are 29 Institutions for the relief of street destitution and cases of special distress. These societies have an income of about £55,000; and to this may be added the sum of £58,000 received for special cases of charity at the Police Courts, much of which is distributed by the Magistrates, and the sum of £545,000 raised by rates for the London poor. Independent of these sources of help, there are other institutions connected with the Jews and distinct classes and denominations which would represent a goodly sum.—There are 21 Homes for Needlewomen and Servants, all of which have been founded within late years, with an income of upwards of £8000; and 92 separate Funds, distinct from "Friendly Societies," for the relief of poor Ministers, Professional Men and Tradesmen, with an annual revenue of about £240,000. We cannot take in hand to say of this that it may arise from London sources entirely, nor may it be confined to those who dwell in and around London only. An abstract summary of 21 Funds arising from City Company and Parochial Trusts for charity contribute no less a sum than £38,000.—There are 124 Almshouses and Asylums for the Aged, with a revenue of £95,000, and an aggregate of 2500 inmates. There are 16 Institutions for the Blind, Deaf, Dumb and poor Cripples, with a revenue of £44,000, affording a home and instruction to about 3200 objects of pity. The societies and funds for the Education of Poor and Orphan Children number 65, with an annual revenue of upwards of £260,000: thus about 5000 children receive a very superior education, and are maintained as well. This summary of the Schools does not include many educational institutions and colleges sustained by subscriptions in and around London. Our space this month forbids us going further in this list of London Charities; we shall resume this topic again. Here is a fair tree of lovely blossom and wholesome fruit, which proves, amid all the heartlessness of human society and the avarice of man, that a continual stream of good-will and incessant charity flows on like a never-ebbing tide; that there are some 640 Institutions and Funds for the relief of misery and the instruction of the people; and that as years roll on the charity of the nation gathers new and fresh force in the perception of more efficient machinery needed, new efforts and societies, to meet the growing wants of the age. No less than 500 of the 640 charitable institutions of our Metropolis have been called into being during the present and last century, and 90 of these have been founded during the last ten years. We do not deny the signal acts of generosity in olden times. In 1724, no less a sum of money was left for Guy's Hospital than £220,000 by one gentleman, and in 1829 by another gentleman, £200,000. Yet it is true, as the Queen has acknowledged to Mr. Peabody, the largest sum of money given at any time by one gentleman, £250,000, has come from his generous hand. After all, it is the smaller sums of the less wealthy, the continual dropping in of pounds, shillings and pence, which in the end prove the charity of a nation and the happiness and honour of our people.

## HOLD ON, BOYS!

Hold on to your tongue when you are just ready to swear, lie, or speak harshly, or to say an improper word.

Hold on to your hand when you are about to strike, scratch, steal, or do any improper act.

Hold on to your foot when you are on the point of kicking, or running away from study, or pursuing the path of error, shame or crime.

Hold on to your temper when you are angry, excited, or imposed upon, or others are about you.

Hold on to your good name at all times, for it is more valuable to you than gold, high places, or fashionable attire.

## INDUSTRY GIVES PLEASURE.

"WHY, my boy, what are you doing here alone, sitting idle while all around are so busy?"

"Oh! I don't like to work. I feel lazy; and the sun is hot."

"You wouldn't notice it so much if you were at work."

"Yes, sir, I think I would. The shade of this tree is very pleasant, and I like to watch the reapers at work."

"Depend upon it, Isaac, if you once tried helping them, you would like it better than watching. Such work is fine fun for boys, when they have not too much of it."

"I don't think so."

"No, I see you like to be idle, but it is a dangerous habit to indulge, and, unless you break yourself of it, it will be your ruin. Our blessed Saviour, in ever going about doing good, set us an example of industry which we should try and imitate, especially as we have constant and strong evidence that

'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

Besides, idleness is clearly forbidden in the Bible, and is displeasing to God. How is your father?"

"He is better than he was in the spring, but he is not strong yet."

"Not strong, and yet he has to work hard to support you, your brothers and your sisters! Did you ever think how much you might help him? This is a duty which God requires of you, and you should ever prefer duty to your own ease or pleasure."

"No, sir, I did not think of it."

"Then suppose you try. There are many ways in which you may help these men, and I will pay you good wages. To-day is Monday, and if you persevere I can warrant that you will be happier by Saturday night."

"Well, I will."

And Isaac Barnes sprang up with much alacrity, while Farmer May looked on with an approving smile.

A new train of thought had been awakened in Isaac's mind by the farmer's words. He remembered how weak his father was at times, and how often at nights he would come home wearied and almost sick from his labour, while his low spirits, arising from an overtasked frame, cast a gloom over the household. He himself was young and strong, able to earn a little, at least, towards relieving his father, and yet most of his time had been spent in idleness. This was a poor return for all his father's care and kindness, and it should be so no longer. There was a novelty in his work the first day, and, though tired at night, he determined to persevere. The days that followed were not so easy. To one so unaccustomed to work it was hard to keep at it; but the thought of his father and the encouragement which Farmer May held out to him kept him from giving up.

Saturday night came at last, and when Farmer May put some bright silver pieces into his hand, his joy was great. He hastened towards home with rapid steps, and entered the house a few minutes after his father had returned.

"Isaac," said his mother when she saw him, "I have not seen you much at home this week. I hope you have not been in any mischief."

"No, mother," he replied quietly.

"That is right. I hope you will always be able to give the same answer. It is a blessed thing to have a conscience void of offence towards God and man. Father, did you bring home that tea?"

"No, I did not."

"Forget it, eh? Well, I do not wonder, you have so much to think about; but it does not matter. There is enough to last until Monday, and it will do as well then."

"We cannot have it then, either, that is the worst of it. I am not so strong as I was, and cannot do so much work, so, of course, my wages are less."

"Oh! well, it will not hurt us to go without it a while, and you will soon be stronger," she said cheerily.

"Alice will have to do without her shoes too. I could not bring them to her."

Isaac looked quickly up and saw his little sister glancing mournfully at her shoes, from the worn-out toes of which her little foot was peeping, but she did not complain.

"Never mind, papa; these will do a little longer. I can do without my new ones."

"You are a good little girl not to worry papa about it, Alice."

"That she is, and she shall have the shoes, and you can have the tea, too, father, can't you!" exclaimed Isaac, holding out his money to his astonished father.

"There is enough there for both, surely, Isaac; but where did it come from?"

"I earned it," he said proudly, and he related the incidents of the week.

"You have done well, my son."

Isaac felt well paid for his effort. He had done right by obeying that law of God which says, "Honour thy father and thy mother," and this will always make us happy. Boys, would not you, too, have felt that industry was better than idleness, had you been with Isaac when he saw little Alice dancing about with her new shoes, and his father and mother enjoying a nice cup of tea? Isaac had learned a good lesson, and the fruit of it was seen in after days. He was henceforth known by all the neighbours as an honest, industrious lad, and his parents were justly proud of him.—*S. S. Visitor.*

## WHO IS A TRUE CHRISTIAN?

THE commands of Christ are the laws of Christianity.

In the Christian code some laws are of course superior, while others are subordinate; but when the former appear in juxtaposition, they are found to include and express the spirit of the latter, and at the same time constitute the Christian Decalogue. Thus spake Jesus:

1. Come unto me and learn of me, and ye shall find rest unto your souls. The words that I speak unto you, they are spirit and they are life.

2. God is a Spirit, and they that worship him must worship him in spirit and in truth; for the Father seeketh such to worship him. The true worshipers shall worship the Father in spirit and in truth.

3. Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy mind, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength.

4. Thou shalt love thy neighbour as thyself.

5. Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.

6. Take heed to yourselves. If thy brother trespass against thee, rebuke him; and if he repent, forgive him.

7. Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, and do good to them that hate you, that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven.

8. Call no man Father upon the earth, for one is your Father which is in heaven, and all ye are brethren.

9. Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your Father which is in heaven.

10. Seek ye the kingdom of God and his righteousness; and lay up for yourself treasures in heaven; for where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.

To this Christian Decalogue every other command of Christ is by spiritual affinity and identity of purpose most effectually united. And the one sacred object of the whole is this, to develop the religious nature of man, and to inspire that nature with a love of God and man, of goodness and truth, like that which possessed the mind and permeated the life and labours of Jesus. To him the words that he uttered were spirit and life, for they were the words of the Father who sent him, and he worshiped the Father in spirit and in truth. He loved God and man, and always did to others as he would have others do to him. He was ever ready to forgive an offending brother, and do good to all, even to his enemies. He constantly affirmed the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, and by good works and true worship he glorified the Father and laid up for himself imperishable treasures in heaven.

"He lived the doctrines that he taught,
And in his life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters."

And now he says to every one who will hear him, Go thou and do likewise. Assuredly, then, every one who places himself under the guidance of the Christian Decalogue, and thus comes into unison with the mind, the spirit and the life of Christ, must, in the true sense of the word, be a Christian; and whether he espouses or repudiates subscription to articles of faith, still he must be a true Christian. H. C.

## THE LONDON UNITARIAN LAY PREACHERS' UNION.

It may be interesting to our friends in the country as well as in London to know something of the aims of this new society. It has been long felt, by all of us, that the few churches we have in London are not adequate to the need of our cause among three millions of people, scattered over 110 square miles,—the present extent of London. That we have at present many Unitarian families in London a great distance from any of our churches, so far that they feel it impossible to get their children and aged members to join in the worship of Almighty God and properly instructed in the truths of our pure and simple religion. Again, we have constantly coming to London from our churches in the country those who seek in vain a place where Unitarians join for worship, so widely separate are our chapels. There is one other reason not less weighty at the present time,—we believe there are tens of thousands of persons who feel themselves alienated from Christian worship from the simple fact that again and again their reason, common sense and affection have been outraged, shocked and wounded by the general teaching of the pulpit.—Here, then, is a duty at our door, that the aged and the young of our own household of faith and those who are panting for religious fellowship consistent with the exercise of a free, faithful and loving heart, may be met and supplied. Now the object of the London Unitarian Lay Preachers' Union is to open halls and rooms in many places for Sunday religious worship and week-day doctrinal and other lectures. Our ministers in London are sufficiently engaged with their various pastorates, therefore a few of our laymen are willing to do a part of this needful work of diffusing Christian truth and of helping to form new centres or churches from which works of Christian usefulness may emanate. God has blessed the most of our people with a fair share of useful knowledge and of Christian character and sympathy, who are now beginning to feel that they are called upon by Divine Providence and the age we live in not to eat their morsel of good alone, but to go out and make known the truths which have enriched their minds and made happy their lives. Some will be able to preach discourses of their own preparation; others will be able to read a sermon or parts of good sermons and books to the edification of those who gather together at the different stations. There are others who will join in these humble places of worship, aid in the singing, &c., and thus encourage the formation of a society or Christian church. Others will be able to subscribe liberally to the expenses of these buildings and the purchase of books and tracts for these newly-formed societies. The Committee has already secured a few places for worship and arranged for a series of meetings as well, among the members of this Union for mutual conversation and improvement in theological and religious questions. It is clear to us that this movement will have not a few difficulties to cope with, but it is hoped that the generous and unanimous support it will receive among the members of our churches will tide it over all its trials. We dare not doubt but under the blessing of God this Union will be fruitful of much Christian usefulness. Those who take part in these services will be made to feel, while they minister to others, the duties they engage in are proving an instrument of higher life to themselves. The formation of new societies will quicken the zeal and energy of all our older churches. Among our families a larger number of young men will be called upon to take part in the public offices of religion, and the talent and power now buried for want of a field of labour will be developed, and the most fit and worthy for the Christian ministry will be encouraged to a course of education and life suitable for future public service in the Christian church. The poor in many localities, and the earnest seekers for Christian truth, will find in these small churches a religious home. And, finally, not a few of the disputes and questions about words now agitating many among us will be hushed to perpetual silence in view of the realities of Christian labour the Lay Preachers' Union will seek out and supply for us all to do.

CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

## CHURCH OF THE DIVINE UNITY, NEWCASTLE-ON-TYNE.

On a parchment scroll, inserted in the foundation-stone of this edifice, it is written:—"The Church of the Divine Unity, dedicated to the sole worship of the one living and true God the Father, through the Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and designed for the accommodation of Protestant Dissenters, the descendants and successors of those assembling, since 1727, for Christian instruction and public worship, in Hanover Square Chapel, and their progenitors previously gathering together in the meeting-house in the Close without the walls of Newcastle, and originally formed into a religious society by the Rev. William Durant, M.A., one of the ministers ejected from All Saints' Church, in this town, by the Act of Uniformity, on St. Bartholomew's Day, August 24, 1662. This foundation-stone of the Church of the Divine Unity, and Schools for the Day and Sunday Instruction of Boys and Girls, was laid on Wednesday, 20th April, 1853, by Ivie Mackie, Esq., of Manchester; the dedicatory address delivered by the Rev. John Relly Beard, D.D., of Manchester; and the devotional services offered by the Rev. George Harris, the Pastor of the Church."

The Newcastle congregation, whose history is contained in this comprehensive inscription, assembled for the last time in their chapel in Hanover Square, near the White Friars Tower of the town walls, on Sunday, the 9th of April, 1854. Its successor in New Bridge Street, near the Carliol Tower, was opened on Thursday, the 13th, and may be regarded as the late Mr. Harris's monument. That he was chiefly instrumental in its erection, is recognized in the painted window, "dedicated, August 24, 1862, to the beloved memory of the eloquent and faithful minister and pastor, the Rev. George Harris, the main builder of this church, who, preaching his last sermon within its walls on the 18th of December, 1859, died on the 24th of the same month, aged 65, in the fifteenth year of his ministry in Newcastle-upon-Tyne."

The succession of pastors is recorded underneath this dedication, beginning with William Durant, M.A., who died in 1681, and Richard Gilpin, M.D., who survived to 1700. It would seem that in Newcastle, with its four parishes, the parochial system was observed by the seceders after the ejection in 1662. In 1669, Durant in Pilgrim Street, and Gilpin in the White Friars, were holding conventicles in their own houses. In July and August of that year, their congregations were scattered by the authorities; and at the head of a list of persons frequenting unlawful assemblies in the town, laid before the magistrates by one of the town-sergeants (whom their worships had sent into Scotland for a witch-finder about twenty years before), are the names of William Durant, Richard Gilpin, John Pringle (M.D.), and Henry Lever, "preachers." It is probable, however, that before the death of Durant the Nonconformists of Newcastle had fused into one community. Within two years after his decease (as we learn from one of the most recent volumes of the Surtees Society), Bishop Cosin's son-in-law, Dr. Granville, then Archdeacon (and afterwards also Dean) of Durham, was dining with the Archbishop of Canterbury. It was on the 13th of March, 1683; and in answer to his Grace's inquiries as to conformity in the North, the Archdeacon told him, speaking of Newcastle, "that there was not one publick conventicle in the town; and if there were any that did meet at all, it was some few by night, according to the example of the primitive Christians." Here Sancroft broke in upon his guest; he could not stomach the complimentary comparison on which the Archdeacon had stumbled; and he indignantly exclaimed—"Noe! it is not like the primitive Christians; but like thieves and robbers, to doe mischief." With like anger and intolerance of spirit, churchyard-burial had been refused to the remains of Durant, by the ecclesiastical authorities in Newcastle, at his death, and they were laid in his own garden; and over his grave his son John placed an inscription closing with a significant reference to "Josh., cap. ult., ver. 29, 30, 32, 33." The gravestone is now incorporated with the structure of the Church of the Divine Unity, in the vestibule. On the communion cups of the congregation (in use when the Rev. William Turner was writing his "His-

tory" in 1811), there was an inscription, "Church Plate, Dr. Richard Gilpin, Pastor, 1693." The descent from Gilpin is therefore clear; and the tradition which places Durant at the head of the line may be accepted as correct.

Gilpin died on the 13th of February, 1700 (his biographers err who assign his death to 1699); and Benjamin Bennet, author of the "Christian Oratory," then of Temple Hall, near Market Bosworth, Leicestershire (his native county), was chosen as his successor. It was during Bennet's ministry that the chapel in Hanover Square was built; and he was to have opened it on Sunday, the 28th of August, 1726; but on the previous day he was attacked by fever, and on the following Thursday he died. To the mourning friends who waited around him as he sunk to rest, this pious divine calmly said, "Death is no more to me than it is for a weary traveller, after a hard day's journey, to undress and go to bed."

Dr. Lawrence (M.D.), born at Nantwich (son of Samuel Lawrence, Dissenting minister there), opened the new chapel as pastor, March 26, 1727; and in 1733 he removed to Monkwell Street, London.

Richard Rogerson was his successor, and retained the pastoral office to his death in 1760.

Samuel Lowthion, Rogerson's assistant from 1751, succeeded him as sole minister, and preached his funeral sermon. In the dedication of the printed discourse Mr. Lowthion said: "I deem it one of the happiest circumstances of my life that my lot is cast amongst a people who allow and encourage me to think and speak freely, who disavow all narrow principles, and who hear with patience and candour what may be urged in defence of my doctrine, however unpopular. * * * Your peaceableness and catholicism, at the same time that they reflect honour upon you, and upon Christianity in general, have been the cause of much comfort and of the sincerest pleasure to your ministers. Carefully maintain and cherish this excellent and amiable temper. Steadily and resolutely pursue the same honourable methods." "Nothing," says Lowthion in his sermon, "nothing can entitle to the crown"—[the "crown of righteousness, which is to be given at the last great day"]—"but personal worth, real goodness of heart and life. * * * We do not say that our good works *merit* heaven and eternal life; but this we are authorized to say—they are the express and necessary condition of entering into and enjoying them." Here, more than in our mere Unitarianism, may the faith and spirit of our church be seen.

Lowthion died November 17, 1780; and Dr. Robert Hood (D.D.) was appointed in his room. His pastorate was short. He died of consumption, June 17, 1782.

William Turner, historian of the church, now entered upon the office which he was destined to hold so long. Born at Wakefield, September 20, 1761, he entered Newcastle on the 24th of August, 1782, and was thereafter invited to accept the pulpit; and on the 25th of September he was ordained at Pudsey, near Leeds. His first pastoral charge was also his last. He retained it till his retirement on the completion of his 80th year in 1841; and on Easter Sunday, 1859, he died in Manchester, aged 97, after a life as full of usefulness as of years. It may be of interest and of service, at the present moment, if we quote the conclusions drawn by this venerable minister from his retrospect of the church over which he so honourably presided for nearly three-score years:—"It appears from the above historical sketch, that this society was originally established, and has been all along maintained, upon the principle of the right of individual judgment in matters of religion. Its members, therefore, desire to be considered as a voluntary association, not of Episcopalians, Presbyterians, or Independents, with respect to discipline; not of Calvinists or Arminians, Trinitarians or Unitarians, Baptists or Pœdobaptists, with respect to doctrine; but of individual Christians, each one professing Christianity for himself according to his own views of it, formed upon a mature consideration of the Scriptures, and acknowledging the minister's right to do the same; and necessarily united in nothing but a desire to worship the Supreme Lord of all as the disciples of one common Master;

and also in a desire to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace, rather than the unity of the faith in the bond of ignorance."

Joseph M'Alister, who had been his assistant from 1837, was Mr. Turner's successor in 1841; and after the retirement of Mr. M'Alister in 1844, Mr. Harris, with whom the pastoral pedigree of the window closes, received his appointment.

The Rev. William Newton succeeded Mr. Harris; and the present pastor of the church is the Rev. J. C. Street.

## THE AUTHOR OF ANNIE LAURIE.

"Each heart recalled a different name,
But all sang Annie Laurie."

BAYARD TAYLOR.

AMONG the nations of the earth, none have produced such an array of sweet and simple melodies, that linger round the heart like the memories of childhood, as the country of Bruce and Burns, of Wallace and Sir Walter Scott. Her lays are heard in every land. The traveller over the plains of India, the mountains of Mexico, or the remotest Pacific isles, can tell the same story which the Englishman told who heard, two hundred years ago, the song of Bothwell Banks sung by the wayside in Palestine. The songs of Scotland have invaded every land, and are as *ubiquitous* as the canny Scot himself, who is to be found in every habitable portion of the globe, and, according to Sydney Smith's paradox, "is never at home except when abroad." Some one tells the story of a tourist who had met Scotchmen everywhere, and who, with the hope of getting rid of them for a time, ascended an Egyptian pyramid, but on reaching the summit, was accosted by an Ayrshire man, who held out his mull and said: "Will you tak' a pinch of snuff?" Equally good is the anecdote of a Scotch traveller who discovered a Grand Vizier of Turkey to be an old schoolmate, by his asking, when ushered into his presence: "Weel, Sandy, how are all the folks in Aberdeen?"

Every district of Scotland has its poet; every solitary castle and stream, every mountain and glen, every bank and brae and burn, its song—songs that will live until we all stand together in those "temples not built with hands." How wonderful to contemplate the hallowing influence of genius! A poet touches a tree, a flower, or murmuring brook, and it is no longer the thing it was, but an object set apart for ever for admiration and worship. And while duchesses and other titled dames have gone down to dust and oblivion, the name and memory of Highland Mary, of Annie Laurie and Jeanie Morrison, are embalmed in deathless song, as imperishable as the heath-covered hills of their native land.

The song of Annie Laurie is generally considered a *filius nullius*, but has sometimes been attributed to Burns, as is the case with another of the author's exquisite compositions, The Land o' the Leal. In the Memoirs of Thomas Hood, edited by his children, I find the following passage: "During his last illness, he was at times delirious with pain; his mind was ordinarily quiet and tranquil, and these times seemed, like transient mists, though hiding for a time, to clear off effectually at last. We shall never forget one night when his mind was wandering in this way his repeating Burns' lovely words:

'I'm fading awa', Jean,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean!
I'm fading awa'
To the land o' the leal!
But weep na', my ain Jean,
The world's care's in vain, Jean;
We'll meet and aye be fain
In the land o' the leal.'

"No one could listen to this without tears, coming from the frail, feeble form that was fading so fast, and uttered with a touching tone, to which the wandering mind gave additional pathos." This passage has been extracted without word or comment by various literary journals whose editors are seldom found tripping in such matters. The lines quoted were never seen by Burns, having been written many years after the green turf was growing over his grave. They occur in that exquisite and tender lay, The Land o' the Leal, which appeared in the early part of the present century, and was written by Carolina Oliphant, who was, for her great beauty, better known in her native district as "the flower of Strathern." She was born in the county of Perth, July sixteenth, 1766, at the family man-

sion of Gask. Her ancestors were devoted Jacobites. The paternal grandfather of Carolina Oliphant attended Prince Charles Edward during his disastrous campaign of 1745-6, and his wife indicated her sympathy in the cause by cutting off a lock of his hair, on the occasion of the Prince accepting their hospitality. The lock of hair is still preserved in the family.

Miss Oliphant, whose beauty was equalled by her intellectual attainments and her great love of music, had many suitors for her hand. In June, 1806, she was married to William Murray Nairn, of the British army, who, in 1824, received the family title of Baron Nairn. On the ninth of July, 1830, Lady Nairn lost her husband. Her only son, born in 1808, died in Brussels, where he had gone for the benefit of his health, in 1837. Deprived of both husband and son—the latter a young nobleman of great promise and singular Christian worth—Lady Nairn, though submitting to the dispensation of Providence with becoming resignation, did not regain her usual buoyancy of spirit. She was rapidly falling into "the sere, the yellow leaf," those years in which the words of the inspired sage, "I have no pleasure in them," are too often called forth by mental trials or bodily infirmities. But she bore up nobly. During the last years of her life, unfettered by worldly ties, she devoted all her energies to the service of God and the advancement of Christian truth. The following beautiful ode, breathing a deeply devotional spirit, was composed by Lady Nairn in her seventy-eighth year:

"Would you be young again?
So would not I—
One tear to memory given,
Onward I'd hie.
Life's dark flood forded o'er—
All but at rest on shore—
Say, would you plunge once more,
With home so nigh?

If you might, would you now
Retrace your way?
Wander through stormy wilds,
Faint and astray?
Night's gloomy watches spread,
Morning all beaming red,
Hope's smiles around us shed,
Heavenward—away.

Where, then, are those dear ones,
Our joy and delight?
Dear and more dear, though now
Hidden from sight.
Where they rejoice to be,
There is the land for me:
Fly, time—fly speedily!
Come, life and light!"

Ere another year had rolled around from the time she had written this ode, Carolina Baroness Nairn "went to the home appointed for all living." She died in the family mansion of Gask, on the twenty-seventh of October, 1845, at the age of seventy-nine.

Lady Nairn was a prolific writer of verse. The Laird o' Cockpen, and many other of her compositions, are among the most popular of modern Scottish songs and ballads. Except from a few friends, she preserved a strict *incognita* during her whole career. The popularity of her productions afforded her very great pleasure, but her extreme diffidence and modesty shrank from any kind of publicity. Some years after her death, the relations and literary friends of the Baroness, thinking there was no longer any reason for withholding from the public the secret of the authorship of her numerous charming compositions, published an elegant volume, entitled Lays from Strathern, by Carolina Baroness Nairn, containing about a hundred of her songs and ballads, the most popular of which are Annie Laurie. I append, as being less known, the Land o' the Leal. Here it is, glittering with the dews of its native heather:

"I'm wearin' awa', John,
Like snaw-wreaths in thaw, John;
I'm wearin' awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, John;
There's neither cauld nor care, John;
The day's aye fair
I' the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn's there, John;
She was both gude and fair, John,
And oh! we grudged her sair
To the land o' the leal.
But sorrow's sel' wears past, John,
And joy's a comin' fast, John,
The joy that's aye to last
I' the land o' the leal.

Sae dear's that joy was bought, John,
Sae free the battle fought, John,
That sinfu' man e'er brought
To the land o' the leal.
Oh! dry your glistering e'e, John!
My soul longs to be free, John;
And angels beckon me
To the land o' the leal.

On haud ye leal and true, John!
Your day it's wearin' through, John;
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain John,
This world's cares are vain, John;
We'll meet, and we'll be fain,
I' the land o' the leal."

Lady Nairn shrank no less from making known to the public her many acts of benevolence, than she did the authorship of her Lays of Strathern. Her contributions to the public as well as private charities were very numerous and liberal. In an address delivered soon after her death, the eloquent Dr. Chalmers, referring to the exertion which had been made for the supply of religious instruction in a district of Edinburgh known as the West-Port, made the following remarks regarding our author: "Let me speak now as to the countenance we have received. I am now at liberty to mention a very noble benefaction which I received about a year ago. Inquiry was made of me by a lady, mentioning that she had a sum at her disposal, and that she wished to apply it to charitable purposes; and she wanted me to enumerate a list of charitable objects in proportion to the estimate I had of their value. Accordingly I furnished her with a scale of about five or six charitable objects. The highest in the scale were those institutions which had for their design the christianizing of the people at home; and I also mentioned to her in connection with the christianizing at home, what we were doing at the West-Port; and there came to me from her, in the course of a day or two, no less a sum than £300. She is now dead, she is now in her grave, and her works do follow her. When she gave me this noble benefaction, she laid me under strict injunctions of secrecy, and accordingly I did not mention her name to any person; but after she was gone, I begged of her nearest heir that I might be allowed to proclaim it, because I thought that her example, so worthy to be followed, might influence others in imitating her; and I am happy to say that I am now at liberty to state that it was Lady Nairn of Perthshire."—*Hours at Home.*

## A DEFINITE THEOLOGY.

In pleading the worth and the necessity of theological distinctness, of uprightness of heart and clearness of knowledge, in the utterance of theological opinions, it will be at once inquired whether the old polemics are to be revived, and the starved souls of men to be fed on the husks of controversial divinity; whether or no it seems desirable to bring men, women and children together, in need of humility, chastening, consolation, moral elevation, and spiritual quickening, to listen to discussions on the Trinity and the Atonement, Election and Predestination, or whether infants or adults are the proper subjects for baptism. This is a question not for us, but for those who believe these doctrines; and a very serious question it is for them. If these are really the doctrines of Christianity, and if the Gospel is to be taught at all, then these *are* the proper subjects of Christian preaching; and if they are not profitable, Christianity is not profitable. For the doctrines of any system, art, science, or policy—that is, the fundamental truths on which it rests—are, and ever must be, the most essential and the most profitable things to think about and to talk about, if the system be a true and important system. The statesman cannot think, the patriot cannot speak, of the doctrines of government too often or too urgently. The artist cannot study nor discuss too seriously the doctrines of colour, form and perspective, which underlie his noble vocation. The astronomer cannot investigate, display and popularize the doctrines of his science too carefully, if he would bring it forward. And is it only Christianity whose doctrines are to be regarded as non-essential, barren and intrusive? Is it only about religion about which men need to know nothing fundamentally, clearly, systematically? Or has science, art, government, commerce, society, costume—everything, in short—its original principles, its essential doctrines, while Christianity has none worth speaking of? If doctrinal preaching has degenerated into mere controversial preaching; if the popular creeds are no longer welcomed or deemed instructive in the popular churches, it is

indeed high time to inquire whether they really do fitly represent and embody the fundamental principles of Christianity; in short, whether they *are* the doctrines of the Gospel. That they are not so, and that the heart of the *world* feels this before its intellect is prepared to acknowledge and establish the fact, I am fully convinced. But I hold the inference which is drawn from the unpopularity and non-essential character of the church dogmas, that *no* dogmas of Christianity are true or important, or that Christianity has *no* doctrines, a very illogical and mischievous inference. Christianity need not be revealed *as* a system, in order to be a system; it need not have its doctrine about God, or about Christ, or about man, or about morals, or about piety, specially stated on the pages of the New Testament as doctrine, in order to make it possible, and binding on men, to deduce from its general drift, and a studious examination and comparison of its scattered teaching, what its fundamental and essential principles are.

We have created from the observation and study of the universe a system of Natural Theology; we have proved the being of God, his attributes and character, from the comparison of nature and man, and nobody doubts the importance of a systematic acquaintance with Natural Theology, or the reality of the thing itself, because it is not printed in starry letters on the sky, nor chaptered or versed in the flowers of the field. Why, then, should we imagine that the Christian Theology, the doctrines of the New Testament, are not important, or not intended to be fathomed and known and used as the great instruments of faith, because professedly they do not exist in the pages of the Bible, in the form in which they stand in the Westminster Catechism? If the Westminster, or any other Catechism, were a successful compilation, abstract, or codification of the New Testament, it would be invaluable, and worth all the study and belief we could bring to it.

It is only because that doctrinal statement is unsatisfactory, is a prejudiced, partial, and even false account of the Gospel system, that we repudiate it, and that the Christian world is nearly ready to do so. But that another statement must be made, earnestly taught and patiently learned—in short, that an intellectual account of the contents, the fundamentals, the drift and method of Christianity, must be prepared and commended to men, if we hope to produce in them the fruits of faith, or to give them the supports and consolations of belief and knowledge, I hold to be very certain.

I am not saying now *what* the doctrines of the Gospel are. I simply insist that it has doctrines. Do you assert, on the contrary, that it is a spirit—that it commends a certain temper and frame of mind? Very well. Then let us have a doctrine of this spirit. What is this spirit? how is it invited? from whence does it come? how is it to be secured? how known and tested? how communicated? Let us know definitely all that can be discovered and said of the laws of the spirit, and call that the doctrinal system of the Gospel. But I confess that I consider this very language that Christianity is a spirit, merely an indication and proof of the vague and indefinite way of thinking prevailing among those who have broken from the popular creeds. Christianity is, or pretends to be, a revealed religion. It has a history, true or fictitious, real or mythical. That its history has been as real as any history for seventeen hundred years, or thereabouts, is admitted everywhere; that its early history, that is for the first hundred years, is obscure and inferential in part, is not denied here. But that the solidest and most careful minds the world has produced since have been compelled to concede, and been rejoiced to acknowledge, the credibility of its chief records and its own account of itself, is equally undeniable. Are, then, the study and acceptance of the four Gospels—first to be satisfied of their claims to belief, and next to see what a magnificent and sublime fact they assert, i.e. that God has revealed himself in a revelation supplementary to nature and soul, to man's understanding and affections—are these definite things which are to be done and known in regard to the Gospel, vague, misty generalities, or are they sober, positive facts? I can understand and respect an honest man's

denial, after examination, of the fact of a revelation by Christ; but I cannot understand or respect, or have any feelings but those of astonishment and indignation, for any man's indifference to the fact, or to the solemn pretensions to the fact, made in so august a manner by the New Testament. Nor can I feel anything but scorn for the intellectual weakness that does not perceive that the simple, single fact that God has spoken by his Son, independently of what he has said, is itself a stupendous fact, capable of revolutionizing the world.

I call that fact the first and fundamental doctrine of Christianity—namely, that God has broken the silence of nature and the ages, and spoken in a miracle to men by his Son. I do not wonder that sober and earnest infidels have directed their keenest scrutiny to this claim, and heaped up their most formidable arguments against it. They have rightly felt that, if Christianity is to be refuted, this is the first fact to refute; if its influence is to be abated, this is the great influence to abate. And are Christians to allow this fundamental to become a rolling stone, or a stone of stumbling; to permit, without the greatest and most earnest argumentation, the very origin of Christianity, confessedly obscure, to be pronounced also mythical and incredible? Or is it to be waived gracefully as a question of secondary importance? Or is it even to be frankly conceded that the worth and importance of our religion are really not affected by its origin, or want of origin? I believe I appreciate the worth of those spiritual affections which cling to the moral elements of Christianity, even after its historical truth is denied. But I cannot understand the indifference which is felt by many to the settlement of a question which seems to me, in logical consequences, the most momentous in all history. The blind impetuosity which has allowed the liberal body in this country to declare this point one of secondary importance, has come near defeating its whole mission; and unless we learn in time that the very essence of Christianity as a system lies in the truth of its special character as a divine revelation, and that this fact alone is more pertinent than all the doctrines of Orthodoxy put together, to the actual wants of humanity, God will take away our sceptre over the future, and give it to another and later-born body of reformers, who shall not have been seduced from the fundamental fact of revelation by the sophistries of a shallow materialistic science, the vanities of modern transcendental philosophy, or the crotchets of a self-conceited textual criticism.—*Dr. Bellows.*

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## THE SURE WITNESS.

By Alice Cary.

The solemn wood has spread
Shadows around my head—
"Curtains they are," I said,
"Hung dim and still about the house of prayer,"
Softly among the limbs,
Turning the leaves of hymns,
I heard the winds, and asked if God was there!
No voice replied, but while I listening stood,
Sweet Peace made holy hushes through the wood.

With rudely opened hand,
I saw the wild rose stand
Beside the green gate of the summer hills;
And pulling at her dress,
I cried, "Sweet Hermitess,
Hast thou beheld Him when the dew distils?"
No voice replied; but while I listening bent,
Her gracious beauty made my heart content.

The moon in splendour shone;
"She walketh heaven alone
And seeth all things," to myself I mused;
"Hast thou beheld Him, then,
Who hides himself from men,
In that great power through Nature interfused?"
No speech made answer, and no sign appeared,
But in the silence I was soothed and cheered.

Waking one time, strange awe
Thrilling my soul, I saw
A kingly splendour round the night;
Such cunning work, and grand,
No spinner ever planned;

The finest wool may not be washed so white:
"Hast thou been in His hand?" I asked, and lo!
The snow was all the answer of the snow.

Then my heart said, "Give o'er;
Question no more, no more!
The wind, th' snow-storm, th' wild hermit flower,
The illuminated air,
The pleasure after prayer,
Proclaim the unoriginated Power!
The mystery that hides Him here and there,
Bears the sure witness, He is everywhere!"

## "THE LIGHT AND LIFE OF MEN."

A work bearing the above title has just been published. The author is a retired minister of the United Presbyterian Church. Some years ago there appeared from the same pen a very able and liberal book, entitled "The Christ of History." The present is a very thorough and remarkable book, treating of the Incarnation and Atonement. Indeed, the production is calculated to do as good service as "Ecce Homo" in demolishing scholastic theology. Not that there is anything new to Unitarians in "The Light and Life of Men;" but it is one more of the many proofs that Unitarians have not laboured in vain.

The author's views of the Atonement are those which have been put forth by our writers long ago, in season and out of season. It is quite refreshing, too, to find that the author adopts our principles of Biblical criticism. Thus our sentiments are being slowly but surely embraced by the leading minds of nearly every section of the Christian church. Such golden fruit, springing up from our labours on either hand, ought to deepen our faith in our true, beautiful and loving ideas of God, Christ and human destiny, and excite us to be more earnest in the diffusion of them.

We give one extract from Mr. Young's book to prove to our readers how entirely Unitarian it is on the subject of the Atonement:—"The question is asked with much confidence, May not a responsible agent, without being considered judged to be guilty of sin, be, nevertheless, for the sake of others in whom he is interested, dealt with, treated, as if he were guilty—especially, may he not be so treated when his own free and full consent has been given to the arrangement? God did not and could not judge, consider that Jesus was chargeable with the sins of men; but did He not treat him, and act towards him, as if he were chargeable with them? It is quite true, and a common enough experience in our world, that one man shall become surety for another, and shall make himself responsible for the payment of a sum of money, or for the performance of certain services. It is quite true also, that failing the principal, his surety is bound in law to pay the money, and to secure the performance of the stipulated services. But even in this event the security is never charged with any crime, never considered or reckoned guilty, because the principal has been guilty. The security must bear, as he has engaged to do, the consequences of the principal's default, but that is all. And besides, it must be borne in mind, that there are clear and well-understood limits even to this vicarious responsibility. If an individual were to offer to suffer imprisonment or banishment or death in the room of a criminal who had been sentenced to any of these punishments, human law, and every righteous human judge, would simply and instantly reject the offer. Such a thing could not be tolerated for a moment; it is abhorrent to all equity and all justice. Law pronounces that the transgressor shall be punished, but it does not recognize, and cannot permit, that another, innocent of crime, shall be punished in his stead. Is it possible to conceive that God has done what is abhorrent even to human law, and still more to the natural conscience of man? Is it possible to conceive that God should treat the innocent Saviour, and should act towards him, as if he had been guilty of sin, when he had not?"

These views are old to us; still we are pleased and rejoiced that the true light is beginning to pierce the thick darkness of popular orthodoxy. Orthodox theology will most assuredly die; but the Fatherhood of God and faith of Christ will live for evermore.

## BOY LOST.

He had black eyes, with long lashes, red cheeks, and hair almost black and curly. He wore a crimson plaid jacket, with full trowsers buttoned on; had a habit of whistling, and liked to ask questions; was accompanied by a small black dog. It is a long while now since he disappeared. I have a very pleasant house and much company. Everything has such an orderly, put-away look—nothing about under foot—no dirt. But my eyes are aching for the sight of whittlings and cut paper on the floor; of tumbled-down card houses; of wooden sheep and cattle; of pop-guns, bows and arrows, whips, tops, go-carts, blocks and trumpery. I want to see boats a-rigging and kites a-making. I want to see crumbles on the carpet, and paste spilled on the kitchen table. I want to see the chairs and the tables turned the wrong way about. I want to see candy-making and corn-popping, and to find jack-knives and fish-hooks among my muslins. Yet these things used to fret me once. They say: "How quiet you are here! Ah! one here may settle his brains and be at peace." But my ears are aching for the pattering of little feet; for a hearty shout, a shrill whistle, a gay tra la la; for the crack of little whips; for the noise of drums, fifes and tin trumpets. Yet these things made me nervous once.

They say: "Ah! you have leisure, nothing to disturb you. What heaps of sewing you have time for!" But I long to be disturbed. I want to be asked for a bit of string or an old newspaper; for pence to buy a slate pencil or peanuts. I want to be coaxed for a piece of new cloth for jibs and mainsails, and then to hem the same. I want to make little flags, and bags to hold marbles. I want to be followed by little feet all over the house; teazed for a bit of dough for a little cake, or to bake a pie in a saucer. Yet these things used to fidget me once. They say: "Ah! you are not tied at home. How delightful to be always at liberty for concerts, lectures and parties! No confinement for you." But I want confinement. I want to listen for the school-bell mornings, to give the last hasty wash and brush, and then to watch from the window nimble feet bounding away to school. I want frequent rents to mend, and to replace lost buttons. I want to obliterate mud stains, fruit stains, molasses stains, and paints of all colours. I want to be sitting by a little crib of evenings, when weary little feet are at rest, and prattling voices are hushed, that mothers may sing their lullabys, and tell over the oft-repeated stories. They don't know their happiness then, those mothers; I didn't. All these things I called confinement once.

A manly figure stands before me now. He is taller than I, has thick whiskers, wears a frock coat, a bosomed shirt, and a cravat. He has just come from college. He brings Latin and Greek in his countenance, and dusts of the old philosophers from the sitting-room. He calls me mother, but I am rather unwilling to own him. He avers that he is my boy, and says that he can prove it. He brings his little boat to shew the red stripe on the sail (it was the end of the piece) and the name on the stern—Lucy Lowe, a little girl of our neighbour, who, because of her long curls and pretty round face, was the chosen favourite of my boy. The curls were long since cut off, and she has grown up a tall handsome girl. How his face reddens as he shews me the name of the boat! Oh! I see it all as plain as if it were written in a book. *My little boy is lost, and my big boy will soon be.* Oh! I wish he were a little tired boy in a long white night-gown, lying in his crib, with me sitting by holding his hand in mine, pushing the curls back from his forehead, watching his eyelids droop, and listening to his deep breathing. I wish I was hearing him again say his evening prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," &c.

If I only had my little boy again, how patient I would be! How much I would bear, and how little I would fret and scold! I can never have him back again; but there are still many mothers who have not yet lost their little boys. I wonder if they know they are living their very best days; that now is the time to really enjoy their children! I think if I had been more to my little boy, I might now be more to my grown-up one.

## A FEW THOUGHTS UPON IDOLATRY.

"Thou shalt have no other gods but me."

To know God is the legitimate vocation of man—to know Him comprehensively has always been his pernicious effort, his fruitless endeavour. But the attempt has been rewarded with imagined success, and the character of the Deity is portrayed with as much variability as there are distinctions in the creeds of his self-deluded worshipers. Wherever worship has been paid, wherever adoration has been offered, some fraction of Omnipotence has been honoured, some portion of the Almighty reverenced; and the attributes which have claimed the special devotion of his votaries have been mistaken for, or idolized under the guise of, the imponderable elements of the universe, the lower animals or the physical or mental natures of man.

The growth of these idolatries and their gradations from the palpable to the refined, is worth the study of the present age; mankind may then learn the distinction between contemplation of a part and adoration of the Infinite—the limited picture of his being or the unmeasured language of his praise. The confusion of our partial conceptions with our worship, the idolatry of our idealities, has been the groundwork of error in all ages—the cause at once of the foundations and the catastrophes of the huge mythologies of the present and the past.

The bull, the eagle and the lion, have had homage paid them as symbols of superhuman strength, celerity and courage, the ox as indicative of the blessings of agriculture, the ibis and ichneumon as deliverers from noxious animals; the mass of the people insensibly paid that veneration to the proxies intended for the original, and physical idolatry and plurality of deities were simultaneously instituted.

The advancing years of the First civilization were marked by the increase of quality and quantity in Polytheism; strength, valour, swiftness and the vegetative sciences were no longer cardinal; love, sagacity, systematic war and the fine arts were pre-eminent; animals ceased to become symbols, and the most perfect forms of man and woman were the representatives of God's power and laws. But the culmination of the Greek republics, the study and practice of philosophy, produced a creed iconoclastic indeed in its pretensions, yet setting up for homage the image of God. God's chief creature in his highest moral aspect was insensibly venerated: that religion, so seductive, so flattering to the human race, still defaces the Second civilization; oh! in our weakness we cannot but pray that it may not prove the seed of a second mediæval barbarism.

A small nation, eschewing the practices of their neighbours, worshiped Omnipotence in the abstract, and although the absence of one fundamental truth caused their isolation, it guarded the purity of that belief destined by the providence of God to be ultimately the crowning blessing of progression. The free even to license, the obedient even to abasement, the candid to recklessness, the reserved to weakness, the generous to prodigality, the exclusive to selfishness,—these opposites, Greek and Jew, were to come in conflict, and nearly at the moment of contact a means of reconciliation, a new religion to be evolved. Love was the truth wanting; Christ its interpreter. The longer the growth, the deeper strikes the root; and nineteen centuries, most apparently retrogressive, have dimmed the visions of the enthusiast, have saddened the reflections of the hopeful. A dissipation of these clouds, a revelation of the sunshine of consolation, would lead me far beyond my present purpose, and it must suffice now to say that all we see of God's ways are contributive to hope, ever inimical to despair.

The thinly veiled Tritheism of the age of Constantine, the subsequent adoration of historical or local saints and their presidence over various departments of human lot and conduct, were or are but so many copies from the Greek physical idolatry. These concessions to the forms of the prevalent faith united to the hopes of immortality held out, caused an immense affluence of proselytes, and the contamination of Christianity became the cause of its extension.

But the grossness of image-worship, the materialism of the Eucharist, the annihilation of private judgment in things

theological, were inconsistent with the speculation, the spiritualism and the liberty of Germany, Switzerland and North-western Europe. The Reformation, more properly the Amendment, ensued; and in imitation of its Greek prototype, half the grosser deformities of its predecessor were suppressed, the remainder received the homage of external veneration, while the vacuity was nearly filled—really, though often unconsciously—by the deification of the Beau-ideal Man. An analysis of the last great fact cannot be comprised within the compass of a few lines, and the present composition has no other pretensions than that of being a sketch for a history of idolatry.

The concomitants of the spread of liberal religion in Germany, England, her Colonies and America, have been the evolution of charity among its sections, the growing conviction that Christianity is less essentially a doctrine than a life, and that there is some reason in the belief that God is one and indivisible.

H. Y.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS,

### By Ministers and Members of our Churches.

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The Night-side of Newcastle: a Lecture. By James C. Street. Price 2d. Newcastle-upon-Tyne—Joseph Barlow.

## WAYSIDE GATHERINGS.

FREDERICK THE GREAT was always very fond of disputation; but as he generally terminated his discussion by collaring his antagonist and kicking his shins, few of his guests were disposed to enter the arena against him. One day he was more than usually disposed for an argument, and asked one of his suite why he did not venture to give his opinion on some particular question. "It is impossible, Sire, to express an opinion before a sovereign who has such strong convictions, and who wears such thick boots," was the reply.

PERFECTION.—A friend called on Michael Angelo, who was finishing a statue: some time afterwards he called again; the sculptor was still at his work; his friend looking at the figure exclaimed, "You have been idle since I saw you last!" "By no means," replied the sculptor, "I have retouched this part and polished that; I have softened this feature, and brought out this muscle; I have given more expression to this lip, and more energy to this limb." "Well, well," said his friend, "but all these are trifles." "It may be so," replied Angelo, "but recollect that trifles make perfection, and that perfection is no trifle."—*Lacon.*

THE STRENGTH OF SILENCE.—It is a great art in the Christian life to learn to be silent. Under opposition, rebuke, injuries, still be silent. It is better to say nothing than to speak in an excited or angry manner, even if the occasion should seem to justify a degree of anger. By remaining silent, the mind is enabled to collect itself, and call upon God in secret aspirations of prayer. And thus you will speak to the honour of your holy profession, as well as to the good of those who have injured you, when you speak from God.

SERMONS.—"It amazes me ministers don't write better sermons—I am sick of the dull, prosy affairs," said a lady in the presence of a parson. "But it is no easy matter, my good woman, to write good sermons," suggested the minister. "Yes," replied the lady, "but you are so long about it; I could write one in half the time if I only had the text." "Oh, if a text is all that you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this one from Solomon: 'It is better to dwell in a corner of a housetop, than in a wide house with a brawling woman.'" "Do you mean *me*, sir?" inquired the lady quickly. "Oh, my good woman," was the grave response, "you will never make a sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."—*Christian Inquirer.*

NO "MIGHT HAVE BEEN."—Mistakes are not irretrievable. God teaches us sometimes by our very errors, leading us through them into light and truth. Only we must follow Him and hold fast to the right, however difficult it may be. We must not be disheartened: we must leave the past where it is, and go on to the future; do what we have to do, and suffer all we have to suffer. We must meet things as they are, without perplexing ourselves about what they might have been; for, if we believe in an over-ruling Providence at all, there can be no such possibility as "might have been."—*Miss Muloch, Christian's Mistake.*

SEEKING ANOTHER'S GOOD.—When the gallant Sir Ralph Abercrombie was mortally wounded in the battle of Aboukir, he was carried in a litter on the *Foudryant.* To ease his pain a soldier's blanket was placed under his head, from which he received great relief. He asked what it was. "It is only a soldier's blanket," was the answer. "Whose blanket is it?" he asked, half lifting himself up. "Only one of the men's." "I wish to know the name of the man whose blanket this is," insisted the dying commander. "It is Duncan Roy's, of the Forty-second, Sir Ralph," answered his attendant. "Then see that Duncan Roy gets his blanket this very night," said the brave man, not forgetting, even in his last agonies, the welfare and comfort of another, however humble.

ITALY.—The hopes which we may reasonably cherish for the prevalence of religious liberty at Rome, as long as the Pope shall hold sway, finds an illustration in the following fact:—A clergyman, the Rev. Greville J. Chester, writes to the *Guardian* that his English Bible, Italian New Testament, with some standard English books of divinity, and *seven of his own sermons*, were seized by the custom-house officials at Civita Vecchia. On inquiring at Rome, Mr. Chester was told that the police would give him no redress, as the books were in the Holy Office of the Inquisition. He was distinctly assured that the *Bible and Testament* were "*prohibiti!*"

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